

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT ON THE NASTY
NASTY CENTER FOR BAD HABITS

Behavior Modification here has nothing to do with scare films of gooey alveoli much less tiny, electrical shocks. Sincere practitioners simply convince hacking clients that smoking is tantamount to masturbation. After a few of these "Reasoning Sessions," 3 pack a day men are so ashamed to be seen handling that "filthy little thing" that they are, for the most part, non-smokers. Two side effects, however, should be noted: 1) Stolen moments with a full color centerfold of Prince Albert, 2) Complacent whacking off at the dinner table as the coffee is brought in.

WAY OFF IN THE CORNER

of the athletic field the drummers from our college band are practicing. It is faint and a little ominous like the jungle telegraph in Tarzan movies. Whenever that starts everybody looks up like the booms were there. Naturally the natives go smug, Tarzan speaks drum, even the blonde neo-Nazis with gold fever are smart enough to swear. The only person who doesn't know shit is the sweaty little professor dragged along for cultural carte blanche. And he slinks into his tent full of books and Kaopectate and tries to catalogue something that looks suspiciously like an elephant turd big as a tire.

When I get to class I grab the first black guy I see and scream, "I don't want the gold, I don't want the fertility goddess. Keep the pearls and the diamonds. I'm just here for the elephant shit."

And he says tenderly, "You ok, Mr. Koertge?"